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This article tells plainly, simply and authoritatively how to judge any piano made and whether it is high grade or inferior—in short whether it will prove a satisfactory investment as a musical instrument. We will send it prepaid to all readers of LIFE who write for our new catalogue. The book will prove valuable to any prospective piano purchaser—no matter what piano may be in mind.

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## The Literary Zoo

Lo, the Poor Novelist!

ONCE upon a time a very young man in the service of a great corporation was moved to write a sensation-novel in which he took no pains to conceal the originals of his characters. That was bad art. It was bad policy, too; for he had satirized his employers, and they promptly discharged him. His stock of ideas exhausted, the young man wrote no more. "What is he doing for a living?" some one casually inquired when a year had gone by. "Why, he has an income from the royalties on his book," answered the Innocent Young Person.

That answer expressed the popular notion of literary rewards. To produce a novel that is well advertised, and that makes small talk for a time in afternoon tea society, is, in the understanding of the uninformed, a leap into prosperity. Alas! had our young author sawed wood in his hours of idleness, his bank account might have been bigger, his usefulness no less.

\* \* \*

STEVENSON put the case pathetically when he wrote:

"Anybody can write a short story—a bad one, I mean—who has industry and paper and time enough; but not every one may hope to write even a bad novel. . . . I used to look upon every three-volume novel with a sort of veneration, as a feat—not possibly of literature—but at least of physical and modern endurance and the courage of Ajax."

\* \* \*

AND when it is actually published—what then? Let us be optimists. The critics echo, in faint reverberations, the sounding praise of the publisher. The novel seems as popular as a breakfast food. It is, in fact, a decided success. The public buys 5,000 copies, and then, in the course of time, seventeen copies more. The distinguished author (his photograph has by this time appeared in "The Book Boomer") meanwhile collects his royalties. Lo, the harvest: On the first 1,000 copies sold (it is so nominated in the bond) he gets nothing; on the rest, ten per cent. of the selling price (\$1.50) of each copy. Four thousand copies at fifteen cents equal \$600. That is his return for six months' toil on a novel of, let us say, 100,000 words. A news reporter on space makes almost as much per word, and doubles—perhaps triples—the output of the novelist.

It is more likely, however, that only 3,000 copies of the novel will be sold. Con-



sider the case of Henry Harland. His "As It Was Written" made something of a stir; when accounts were cast up six months after publication, the sum total of sales was 700. It is whispered in literary circles that some of Mr. Henry James's later fictions do not reach a greater circulation than 500 copies.

\* \* \*

"AND Barabbas was a publisher." Formerly, perhaps. Not often now, when your average author has an eye to business, or employs an agent. Each copy of the first 1,000 printed has cost the publisher about 60 cents. He himself sells it for 90 cents, and out of the difference must come the advertising and other expenses. If 3,000 copies are disposed of, he makes some money; in the best sellers, fortune beckons. But his risks make Wall Street speculation seem "a sure thing."

Still they write—some for fame, some for the love of it, others lured by the great prizes for the few. For the anonymous journalist, something published between cloth covers somehow spells prestige. Finally: "I keep on writing novels," confessed an industrious penman, "in the hope that a publisher will some day give me another and a more lucrative job."

W. T. Larned.

#### "The Times" Essays Slang

OUR sedate and mouth-filling contemporary, *The New York Times Saturday Review of Books*, has put an antic disposition on. Recently it achieved what newspaper men call a "beat," in publishing, under the display type commonly reserved for news "fit to print," a revelation (until then only whispered *sub rosa*) concerning the royal ancestry of a certain youthful poet. Still more recently, in an interesting editorial essay on the genius of Thomas Hardy, it overturns the traditions brought from Park Row, and revisits the glimpses of the *Sun*, by employing slang. "Without the slightest 'grouch,'" affirms the editor, with reference to his criticism of certain British critics. Then, as if alarmed at his own verbal beat lightning, he hastens to add: "An elegant phrase which Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge can probably trace to Shakespeare."

Tut, tut! "Grouch" is good old English, and if Senator Lodge would seek to trace it to its source, he would surely turn, not to the "well of purest English undefiled," but to the pages of good old Chaucer, who employs it, without apology, in the "Clerke's Tale." The *Times* is not out of joint; just a little too diffident and coy. Far be it from us to discourage it in its efforts to be bright and entertaining.

"MEN are so queer. Tell them after the honeymoon that your love is growing cold and they never glance up from the paper."

"No, but tell them the soup is getting cold and they jump about ten feet."—*Detroit News*.

From **Darkness to Dawn** on the **Shaving Question**



**Gillette Safety Razor**  
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IT is the difficult man to please—the particular man, for instance—that cheerfully acknowledges that the "GILLETTE" has solved the shaving problem and at last led him "From Darkness to Dawn on the Shaving Question."

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cleanses the teeth, keeps them white and prevents decay.

Druggists, 25 cents. [Dainty trial size can and booklet sent on receipt of 5 cents (stamp or coin).]

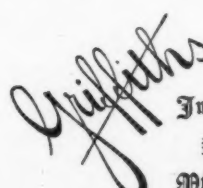
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For Hunting and Outing. All wool, seamless and elastic. Cut shows No. 4, price \$7—guaranteed best knit jacket made at any price. Suggest Oxford or Tan. If not at your dealer's, sent express paid; return if not satisfied. Other Jackets, Coats, Vests, Sweaters and Cardigans, for men, women and children, all prices. Catalogue free.

Geo. F. Webber, Mfr., 814 N. F. Detroit, Mich.



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Importers  
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ANDREW USHER & CO.

"EXCEPTIONAL"  
"SPECIAL RESERVE O.V.G."  
AND  
"OLD VATTED GLENLIVET"  
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Sole Agents, New York

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## Johann Maria Farina Cologne

has a delicate pungency, an invigorating fragrance and a lasting quality possessed by none of its imitations.

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Schieffelin & Co., New York Sole Agents for the United States

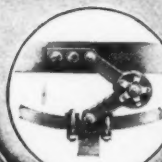
THE  
BOTTLES  
AND  
THE  
LABEL



## TRUFFAULT-HARTFORD SHOCK ABSORBER

### SHIELDS YOU

From the dangers and discomforts of riding on rough roads. They prevent the breaking of springs, save time, tires and trouble. Seventeen prominent manufacturers use them as part of their equipment. Our booklet goes into the subject more fully.



THE PIONEER

THE BEST

WRITE FOR BOOKLET

DEPARTMENT D

HARTFORD SUSPENSION COMPANY

E. V. HARTFORD, President

61 VESTRY STREET, NEW YORK



and argue about it—go on over to LIFE'S Office and get a copy of "Why They Married."

Yes, it's the new book by the person who did "Tomfoolery" and "If; a Guide to Bad Manners"—James Montgomery Flagg.

It costs  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a plunk.

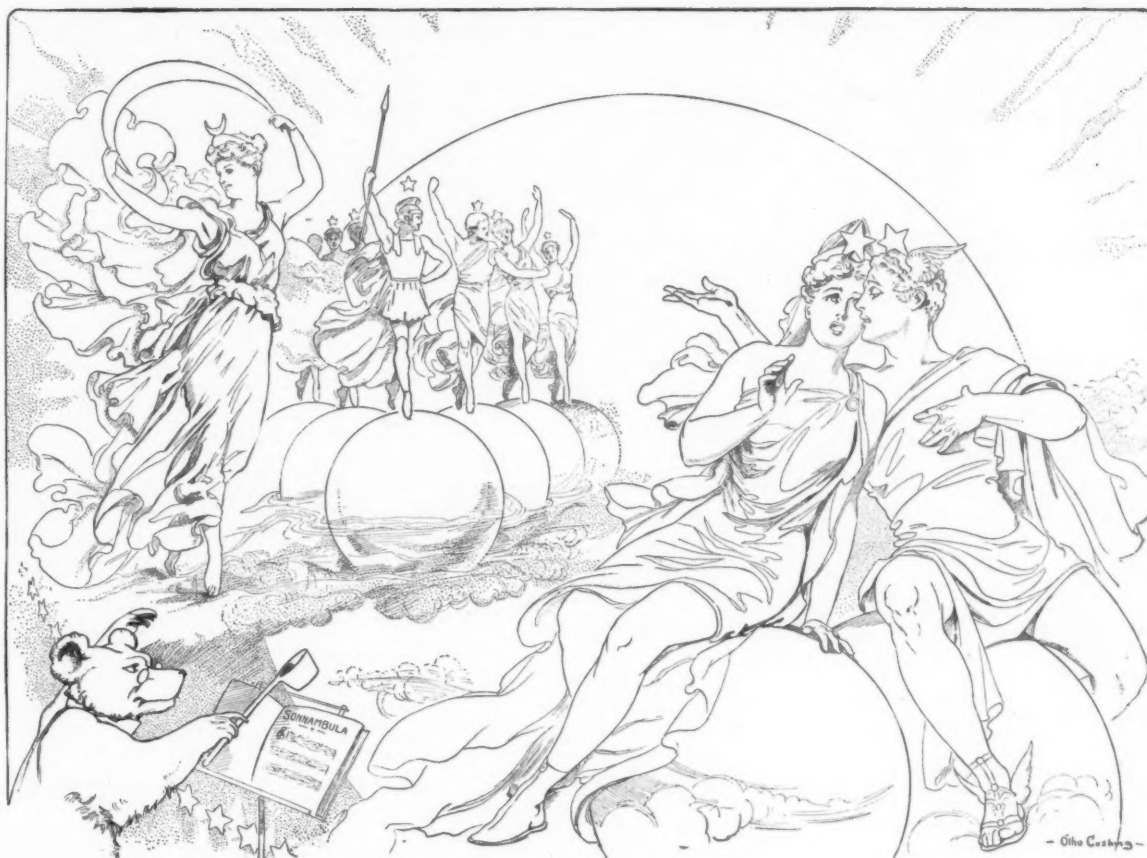
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

17 West Thirty-first Street

New York City



# LIFE



THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

MME. VENUS, THE STAR OF THE EVENING, APPEARED TO GREAT ADVANTAGE IN CONJUNCTION WITH SIGNOR MERCURUSO, WHO SHOWED GREAT ARTISTIC TEMPERATURE. MME. LUNA ECLIPSED HERSELF IN A SHADOW DANCE AND THE OTHER PLANETS DID WELL IN THEIR MINOR ROLLS.

## Extheodore

(With apologies to Longfellow)

THE shades of night were falling fast  
As through a young republic passed  
A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice,  
A banner with this strange device:

"Fakers!"

His brow was sad, his teeth beneath  
Glanced like a falchion from its sheath,  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of his unknown tongue:

"Liars!"

"O stay," kind Wall Street said, "and rest  
Your weary head upon this breast."  
The youth but showed his teeth the more;  
While prices fell they heard him roar:

"Grafters!"

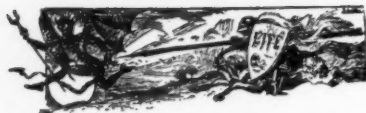
## For Manners and for Beauty

MRS. SAGE is getting on slowly with the distribution of her late husband's surplus effects. She lately gave a million to the Troy Polytechnic—a fine old school with a great record—and another million to the Emma Willard School for Girls, in Troy.

What would Mrs. Sage think of giving about a million to provide a fund for the prosecution of persons who carry lighted cigars into street-cars in New York or smoke on the car-platforms? To do that would be to help in raising the standard of manners, a thing that is more necessary to be done than even to promote ed-

ucation; the more so because education is constantly endowed, and manners—which are a vitally important branch of it—never seem to get a cent's worth of encouragement from any benefactor.

Please do something for manners, Mrs. Sage, ma'am. And another thing: give beauty a lift, too. The stub of the Sixth Avenue Elevated which protrudes into Fifty-ninth Street is as ugly as sin. Mr. Sage, when he owned it, always meant to beautify it, and never got around to it. If you would just beautify that stub a bit, and make it more stylish and worthier of Mr. Sage and not quite such an eyesore, that would be nice.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

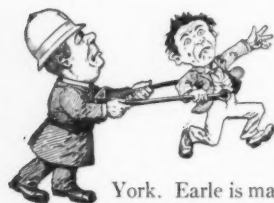
VOL. L. SEPTEMBER 19, 1907 No. 1299

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. Mitchell, Pres't. A. Miller, Sec'y and Treas.

17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



THERE has been a great deal in the papers about one Earle, an artist, whose father was a well-known and respected hotel-keeper in New York. Earle is married, and has one son. His wife seems to be a well-conducted lady, but he has seen another woman whom he likes better, and has arranged with his wife to accept a money settlement and go to France and get a divorce, so that he can marry the other person. The wife agreed, though apparently without enthusiasm, and is probably in Paris now. This was not so unprecedented an arrangement as to have greatly excited the public mind if Earle had appreciated the disorderliness of his proceedings and held his tongue. But being an ass, he talked with enormous profusion about his domestic doings, and held himself up as a meritorious and commendable innovator on our marriage customs. He said the other woman in the case was his manifest affinity, and that he had just got to marry her, and ought to; American manners, laws and customs to the contrary, notwithstanding. He had lived in Turkey, he said, and learned the Mahometan view of marriage and divorce, and liked it much better than the Christian view. His neighbors in the country where his home is did not feel at all as he did about it, but thought his conduct was so objectionable that they prepared to give him a course of treatment with bad eggs and tar and feathers. He escaped that by moving to town, where eccentricities of conviction and deportment are easier overlooked than in small villages or suburban communities.

We are sorry for Earle, partly because he has met his affinity, but chiefly because he is such an ass. Affinities belong

in that class of things which are described in the vernacular as the-devil-and-all. Appendicitis at its ugliest is a bagatelle compared with affinititis. Any married man with a grain of sense, who finds in himself the symptoms of this latter disorder, takes precipitately to the tall timber and stays till he gets well. The American rule, violently enforced by law, custom, public opinion, Christian morality and prejudice, is that a man once married to a woman shall stay married to her unless he can show satisfactory grounds for getting loose. All the more shall he stay if he has children. Earle showed no grounds for releasing his wife. An affinity is not a ground.

The Turkish marriage customs seem to have some very good points, but the place to take up with them is not here, but in Turkey. Earle would doubtless be an ass in Turkey, just as he is here, but so far as concerns the affinity, that's the country for him, not this.



FOR many years it has been an accepted conviction in Pennsylvania that the New York Central Railroad was not run by railroad men, and could not continue to exist except for the wonderful richness of the country it traversed. These Pennsylvanians have been used to point to the great railroad of their own State, climbing the Alleghanies on its way west, and yet competing successfully with a road that follows from New York to Buffalo the easy levels of the Hudson River and the Erie Canal. Where would the Central have been, they say, if it had had such lions in its path as our road has? And what a gold mine the Pennsylvania Railroad would have been if, with its own management, it had had the New York Central's chances.

Now in all likelihood the Pennsylvania rooters disparaged the railroad talent of the New York Central management beyond what was warrantable, since that is what jealous rivals are prone to do. But we find very much this same opinion of the Central's capacity now vehemently held in Massachusetts as a consequence of the New York Central's management of its leased road, the Boston and Albany. It is a hilly road, and the Central folks

have been used to tidewater and canal levels, and (unless our neighbor the Springfield *Republican* is unusually jaundiced in its statements) they are making a very sorry showing of their administration of the old B. and A.

Of course, these are distressful times in railroading, and all the roads are deep in troubles of one kind or another, but it is for reasons outside of all that that observers wonder whether the very opulent lot of gentlemen who compose the directorate of the New York Central are smart enough, or have the necessary leisure, to boss the running of a great railroad.



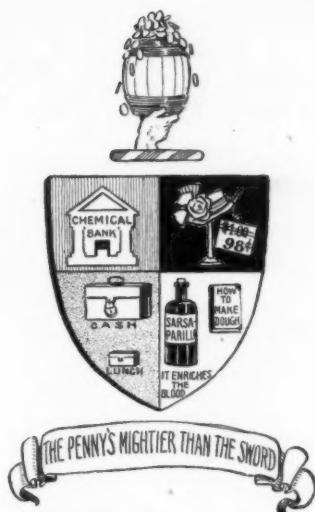
AN ENGLISH economist, Mr. W. R. Lawson, is quoted as saying in the London *Outlook* that the coming Presidential election in these States will be an anti-Rockefeller, anti-Harriman campaign. The underlying issue in it, he says, will be Washington against Wall Street, and whoever wins, Wall Street will have to pay the piper.

It is plain enough that there is a fight on at present between the Administration and the malefactors, and Wall Street and all the business community must wish very heartily that the combatants could go behind the barn and finish it up. That this fight will run on into next year's campaign is likely enough, but it is not yet precisely clear where the malefactors are going to find a party that it will give them any satisfaction to back. They will get rid of Mr. Roosevelt anyhow—though few of them have faith at present to believe it—but they will not get rid of the policies if he has a Republican successor, for no anti-Roosevelt Republican could be elected. Their sole hope then must be in the Democrats. And it was Brother Hearst—wasn't it?—who said on Labor Day, at Jamestown, that "the great financial promoters, organizers, executives of America are worthy of recognition and reward." Can it be that the increasing cost of white paper, or other business considerations, is making Brother Hearst more conservative, and that he will be found next spring in a group of Democrats who will be disposed to nominate a candidate acceptable to the agitated business community? Saul among the prophets would be nothing to that.



# Who's What

In and Out of America



**Green, Hetty.**—A handsome young woman in easy circumstances, occupying a suite of apartments in the safe deposit vault of the Chemical Bank. She is very fond of clothes, sometimes wearing a gown for years, and at one time lived in Hoboken, where she learned self-control. She began life with a million dollars, and since then has never had to ask for bread, although those who have dealt with her cannot say the same thing. She once visited Scotland, that country remaining in comparative poverty ever since. Her principal occupation is watering her plants, of which she has a large unmortgaged variety all over the country, giving her opinion of lawyers in general and trying not to be a philanthropist. Favorite flower, pennyroyal. Motto, "A thing of booty is a joy forever." Author of "A Rainy Day," "The Golden Calf," "Unsatisfied." Address, care Hoboken Ferry.

## A Maxim

**BUY** a stock and push it up;  
All the day you'll have good luck.  
Sell a stock and let it soar;  
You'll ne'er have money any more.

## The Heir Apparent

**KING ALFONZO:** So the baby spoke his first words to-day!  
**QUEEN VICTORIA:** What did he say?  
"After you, my dear Alfonso."

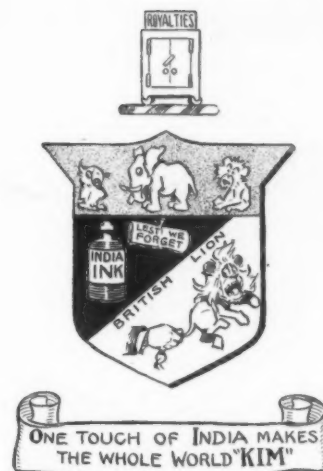
**REVENGE** is the pursuit of bad luck.



**Smith, Joseph.**—Syndicate husband and head of Mormon Church. This gentleman was born in Missouri; from thence he rose easily and gracefully to preside over the largest Matrimonial Bureau in the world. He is the greatest living authority on millinery, curtain lectures and baby foods. Was at one time husband in ordinary to the Utah Legislature. He comes home very early every day, belongs to no clubs, changes his slippers every hour to keep peace in the family and leads a complicated life with ease and distinction. Favorite flower, bachelor's-button. Principal recreation, squaring himself. Author of "Cosy Corners I Have Suffered In," "The Uses and Abuses of Paregoric," etc. Cable address, "Lovey Dovey."



**Collie:** SAY, BULL, BUT YOU'RE A HANDSOME DOG!  
**Bull:** HOW DARE YOU SAY THAT TO MY FACE!



**Kipling, R.**—Now a technical expert; at one time a popular writer. This young man was born in India, came to his promise in America and lost himself in England. His "Plain Tales of the Hills" have been succeeded by "Enigmatical Expositions from the Dark Valleys." His principal exploit, aside from writing, has been as keeper and tutor to the British lion. This famous animal he has not hesitated to thwack from time to time. Mr. Kipling has declared that the Americans have never forgiven him for not dying in their country. On the contrary, they have never forgiven him for not having written anything better since he was here than he did before. But while there's Kipling there's hope, and he may be, let us believe, like the "Ship Who Found Herself." Favorite flower, immortelle. Principal motto: "One Touch of India Makes the Whole World Kim." Address, at present, Surrey; future, Westminster Abbey.

## Hurry

**TO** OUR own age belongs the credit of having raised hurry from the degraded position of a disease to that of a commercial process. Formerly hurry simply brought people to an early grave, with nothing to show for it, whereas now it is become the means of transforming peace of mind, which is a solecism, to say the best of it, into ready money. Hurry has grown to be a great fact in life. Even the fashions take account of it, until women are found doing up their hair in such a way that they may go the speed limit without fear of its coming down. And the best of hurry is that it is its own sufficient justification. Nobody expects hurry to have any particular reason behind it, any more.

R. B.

## Our Fresh Air Fund

PREVIOUSLY acknowledged.....	\$5,440.75
In memory of Marion Story.....	5,000.00
Four little Lakewood girls.....	30.00
Old Subscriber.....	10.00
Howard Kochersperger.....	6.00
Proceeds of a fair at Nonquit, Mass.....	90.00
	<hr/> \$10,585.75

## Acknowledged with Thanks

MRS. WILLIAM ARNOLD, treat of ice cream to 205 children.  
Anonymous, 1 box of clothing and shoes.

## Postals from Life's Farm

DEAR FRIEND:

I write you these few lines to let you no how I am getting along in the country I am getting fat and healthy and I get nice eating the house I sleep in is on a very high hill. Truly, ANNA.

DEAR MOTHER:

We are having a fine time we climb up the trees and take the apples. I got to the place 7:30 Tuesday. I wish I can come next year. We are having such of fun. Your son, WM.

## "All Is Vanity"

FAIR GUEST (at wedding reception): Do you see that gentleman with black mustache, waxed on the ends? I am sure he admires me. He hasn't taken his eyes off me the whole evening.

THE HOSTESS: Mercy! He's the detective engaged to watch the presents!

## Disheartening

TEN inmates of Bilibid Prison, P. I. (Phortunate Isles), died from the effect of serum administered to them by the physicians in charge.

Wrong serum, says Secretary Taft, optimistically, but one suspects a deeper and more sinister significance.

Frankly, have we not here another melancholy testimony to the inveterate inassimilability of these people? Assuredly, it is not like us to be affected that way by serums. On the contrary, nothing seems to be more certain than that, while we do not live by serums alone, we could not live without them.

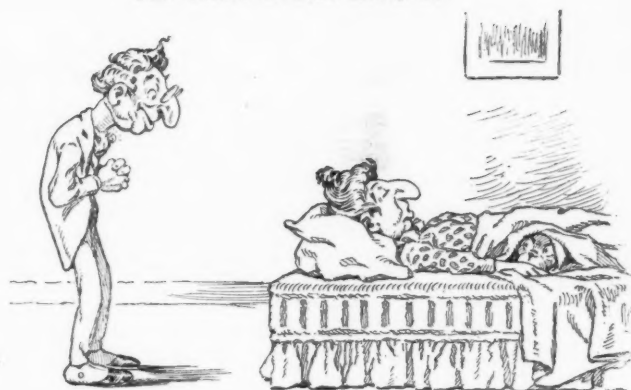
Is it any wonder that the Filipinos are getting on our nerves? The very first thing they wanted the Dingley

Tariff diluted down for them, and

now that they die of our serums the plain inference is that they wish them watered as well. If we weren't the most liberal as well as the most powerful nation in the world, we should cease to shower them with the blessings of enlightenment, and leave them to hustle for these, or do without.



## The Course of True Love, etc.



## A Plausible Reason

"I'll sell you ten thousand dollars' worth of this mining stock for fifty cents," urges the promoter. "It's the chance of a lifetime. Within a month it will be selling at a dollar a share."

"Then why don't you hold onto it?" asks the canny man.

"I would but I need a hair-cut and a shave. How will I look if I wait a month?"



### The School Child Up to Date

**M**AKE haste to school, my little child,  
Or else you will be late;  
Your books are all aseptic now,  
And here's your sterile slate.

Your pencil has been boiled an hour—  
'Tis germless, now, I hope;  
And don't forget to wash your desk  
With this carbolic soap.

And lest about the schoolroom floor  
Some unseen microbes lurk,  
Just sprinkle formaline around  
Before you set to work.

You'd better put, for safety's sake,  
Bichloride in the ink.  
And water that has not been boiled  
You must not dare to drink.

Of course, when recess comes around,  
Some food you'll want to munch;  
So in this disinfected box  
Is predigested lunch.

And since 'tis said that in a kiss  
Bacteria may dwell,  
I may not give you, as I'd like,  
A mother's fond farewell.

Make haste to school, my little child,  
And leave my tender care;  
And may you still be safely kept  
From microbes in the air.

*Elsie Duncan Yale.*

### A Family Puzzle

**A**TKINSON: The family seems to be somewhat mixed.  
**HUGHES:** Yes, it is; the woman is the man's third wife,  
and the man is the woman's second husband; the baby is the  
child of the woman's second husband by his third wife, the  
twins are children of the man by his first wife, the girl with the  
red hair is the woman's child by her first husband, the boy with  
the short trousers is the son of the man by his second wife, and  
that little girl standing over there by the woman's second  
husband is another of the woman's children by her first  
husband.



*Wilder.*



SAVING (?) TIME

### Resources

**"BETTERMENTS!"**

A titter ran round the board. Then the oldest director, who had seen the railroad business grow from small and timorous beginnings to its present greatness and insolence, kindly took it upon himself to instruct the new member in the esoteric significance of the term he had just let fall.

"Betterments, my young friend," quoth he, "are but another resource of ours when our sins chance to find us out. The first resource, as you already know, is the widows and orphans who have invested their little all in our securities. Suppose, for instance, we have watered our stock (putting the proceeds in our own pockets, of course) until the public have lost patience and threaten us with drastic legislation. We first trot out the widows and orphans, with a dark picture of their distress should there be any impairment of the property. If that avails not, we turn to our other resource, and point out that unless the unreasonable hostility to capital abates, we shall never be able to borrow money with which to carry out long-contemplated betterments.

"It is true you can't fool all the people all the time, but only a hog would wish to do so. There's good money in fooling part of the people part of the time."

# The Boy President

Or Rollo in the White House

V

## The Submarine Boat

"UNCLE GEORGE," said Rollo, "look at that funny little boat over there. See, it is sinking—what a calamity!"

Mr. George smiled sadly. "My dear Rollo," he said, as he allowed his smile to ooze away, "it is as natural for that boat to sink as it is for a duck to dive; it is built that way. Have you never heard of a submarine boat?"

Rollo was surprised.

"Is it as natural for it to rise to the surface after it has dived as it is for a duck? Do you mean to tell me, Uncle George, that there is such a boat as that in my Navy? Have you ever been under water in it?"

"No; I have not," replied Mr. George.

"And why haven't you been?" asked Rollo.

"I am Secretary of State, not of the Navy," replied Mr. George.

"I haven't abstained from going into the boat because I am afraid of going down in it, but it is the doubt about coming up again which has deterred me, for the machinery is very complicated, and it sometimes fails to work properly, and I am sure that under such circumstances I should not find it agreeable to be at the bottom of the sea in a submarine boat."

"Why, Uncle George," said Rollo, "I maintain that there is no sport or undertaking worthy of a man's attention which does not involve some danger to his life. I have decided to go down in that submarine boat to the bottom of the sea, and I expect you to accompany me."

"I am afraid that it will be very damp in the boat at the bottom of the sea," said Mr. George, "and you know, my dear Rollo, that I am a cruel sufferer from rheumatism; and then besides, think of the complication of the machinery, the numerous wheels, cogs, shafts and electrical contrivances in which one's clothes may get so easily entangled. No, Mr. President, this business of going down to the bottom of the sea in a submarine boat I do not approve of."

"Are you afraid to go down in it?" asked Rollo.

"Rollo," said Mr. George, "I will not say that I do not know what fear is, but nevertheless I may claim to be a brave man; and it is my contention that the truly courageous man should not risk his life rashly or unnecessarily. Now, as no good purpose can be subserved by such a performance as going down in a submarine boat, I must decline to do it."

"Uncle George," said Rollo, "I fear that you have very little sporting blood in your veins." The Boy President then took a boatswain's whistle from his pocket and blew a shrill blast upon it.

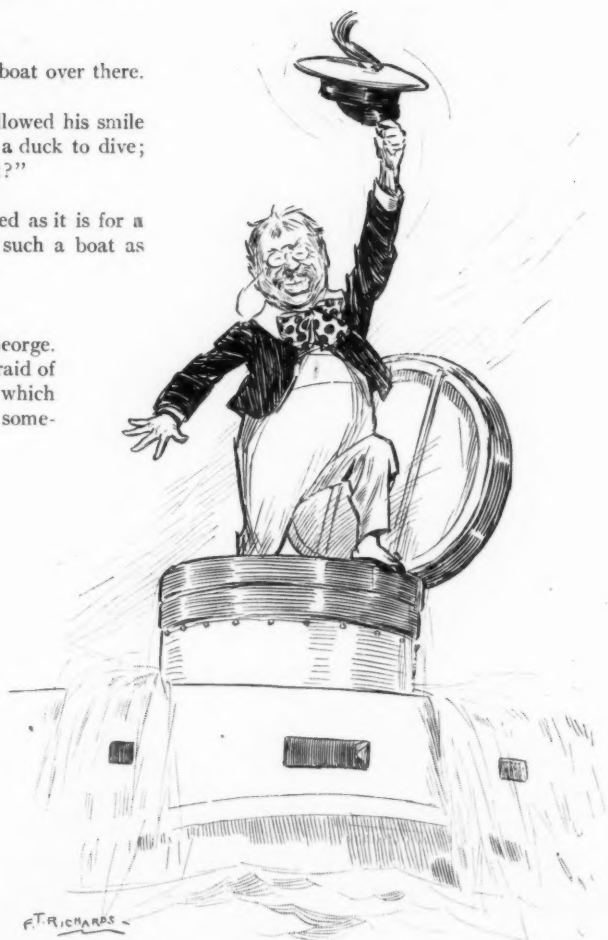
At the sound of the whistle the Presidential barge at once shot into sight bearing toward their wharf on the shore near by.

"Now, Uncle George," said Rollo, as he stepped into the launch, "follow me."

Mr. George walked reluctantly on board.

"To the submarine *Flounder*," ordered Rollo. At the command the launch sped through the water toward the *Flounder*.

"I have decided to navigate the submarine boat myself," said Rollo. "I do not believe that it is as difficult as you say to navigate a submarine boat. I believe in a man being



"It was corking," cried Rollo

self-reliant and undertaking to do everything that other men do."

"Rollo," said Mr. George, as the launch drew alongside of the *Flounder*, "to go down in this craft at all is to me an unpleasant performance; but to embark in it when an amateur, however distinguished, is about to try his hand at the management of it for the first time is not to be thought of for a moment."

"Very well," said Rollo, "as the submarine seems very small and your coat tails are very long and very much in the way and very likely to get into the machinery, I think that you may as well stay on board the launch."





The launch sped through the water toward the Flounder

"But will you promise me to be very careful?" said Mr. George.

"Why, sir," said Rollo, "I shall be as careful as it is possible to be under the circumstances."

"When you come to the surface again will you promise to give me an accurate account of all that you have seen on your excursion?" asked Mr. George.

"Yes, I promise that," said Rollo.

So Rollo stepped on board the *Flounder* and soon disappeared down the hatchway, and this was closed after him by the working of some contrivance inside of the boat, and as Mr. George gazed at the *Flounder* it began to sink under the waves, until finally it sank out of sight and left Mr. George gazing sadly at the bubbles rising out of the water.

After many minutes of anxious watching the Secretary of State was gratified to see the *Flounder* emerge to the surface of the water. In a trice the hatchway was opened and Rollo, his face wreathed in smiles, appeared on deck, followed by the officers and the crew. He shook hands warmly with the captain and crew and then called out, "Uncle George!"

"Yes," replied Mr. George.

"It was corking," cried Rollo. "Meet me on board the flagship." He dashed below, followed by the captain and crew, and the submarine disappeared again, and the launch swiftly bore away toward the flagship.

As soon as Mr. George set his feet on the companionway of the flagship its guns began to be fired, and hardly had they ceased from firing the salute due to his two stations in life and hardly had Mr. George begun to recover his equanimity—hardly had he disentangled his ear-drums—when a new firing

of guns began from the ship in honor of the Boy President, who had just come alongside from the *Flounder*.

"This beats the Fourth of July all hollow," said Rollo to his uncle.

"It is very distressing to me," said Mr. George, "for I have neglected to provide myself with cotton wool to put in my ears, and for a week I am sure I shall only be able to hear words in large print."

"A man of nerve and fire and iron should never dull his senses with cotton wool," remarked Rollo, "and if you are suffering so much in your ears, you will not desire to hear my account of my trip under the water."

"No," replied Mr. George. "I fain would lie down in a quiet place. You may tell me of your trip under water to-morrow."

John T. Wheelwright.

(To be continued)

### Corrected

A COMMERCIAL traveler who makes frequent trips to the West from New York is on friendly terms with the porter of the sleeping-car who rejoices in the name of Lawrence Lee.

"Well, Lawrence," announced the salesman, gleefully, "I have good news for you. We've had a birth in our family—twins, by George."

"Dat am no birth, sir," said Lawrence, "dat's a section."

"WHAT'S the matter with Uncle Sam?"  
"He has Cerebro Mintal Teddygitis."

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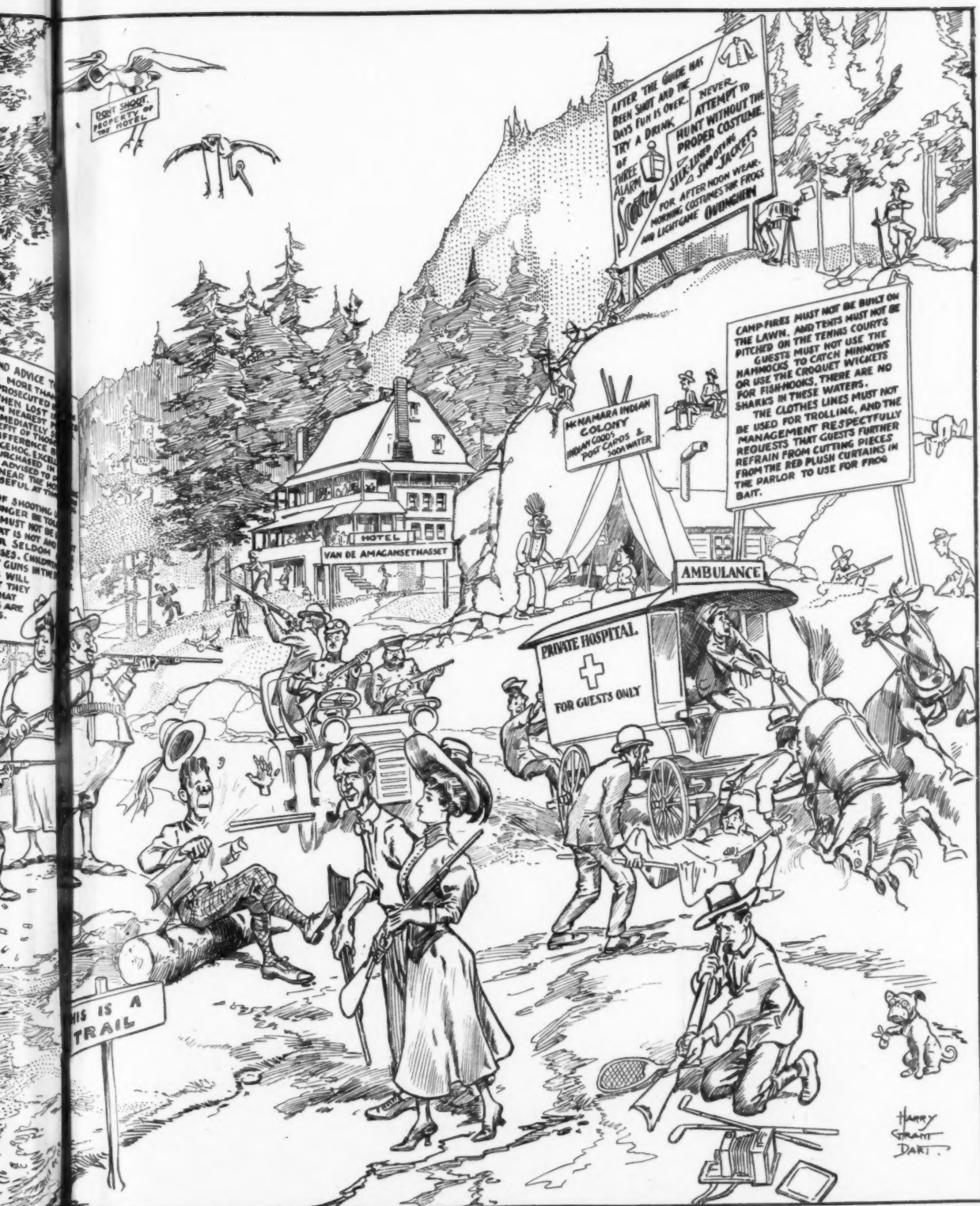


"I WONDER IF THEY'RE TRUE TO ME"



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### The Doubter

TO SEEK Persuasion is a sorry task,  
If still yourself will other questions ask;  
And Doubt, though stifled, will arise again  
To question answers you cannot explain.

From Blind Acceptance to a Doubt I came,  
And lo! the Doubt proved my Acceptance lame;  
And Personal Survival was the bait  
With which I for Myself did lie in wait.

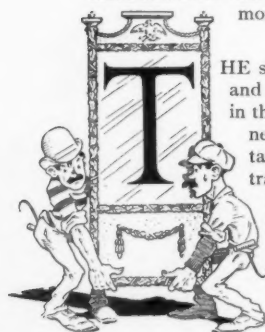
And now I know that I know naught at all.  
Is that not better than to raise a squall  
Of IFS and BUTS, and then to swear each one  
Has wings to fly, although you see them fall?

H. Da Costa.



### The Season in Full Swing

SO FAR as the theatres themselves are concerned the theatrical season is now in full operation. The public, however, is not so keen about patronizing the many attractions provided for it as it will be a little later on when there is some certainty that the heat of the evening set upon for this kind of diversion will not make the theatre a hot and stuffy torture place. It must be disheartening to managers and artists who have done their best and who have a successful attraction to see the house less than half full evening after evening. It might be well for managers who set their hearts on early openings to remember that this is a very fickle time of year in respect of hot days and evenings, and also that the American people are learning more and more that September and October are two of the finest months of the year to remain in the country.



THE sex that insists on being considered intelligent and yet wears bodices that hook, button or lace in the back is the main topic of Martha Morton's new play, "The Movers." The particular target for the dramatist's exposure is the extravagant American wife who drives her husband to overwork, often to failure, and sometimes to suicide, in order that her passion for senseless expenditure and silly display in clothes, jewels and furnishings may be indulged.

The title, "The Movers," is non-illuminative until one knows something about the argument of the play. The author holds that the extravagance of the American wife is responsible for the spirit of unrest which pervades our national life and makes us never content with the thing we have, but always hustling for a change in house, raiment, religion, matrimony and everything else. This is a pretty serious indictment that Martha Morton brings against her own sex, and as we stop to think of American life as it exhibits itself in the larger cities it seems as though the charge contains a pretty large percentage of truth.

AS A play "The Movers" is certainly interesting. The gentlemanly auctioneer who dips impartially into the domestic and business affairs of every one connected with the story is a somewhat unusual if not altogether improbable character, but there had to be a *deus ex machina* to weave and unravel the complications that make the story and he serves the purpose quite as well as though he had been pictured an opulent wine agent or a capitalistic bookmaker. He is only a symbol anyway, and it rather taxes the powers of Mr. Joseph Kilgour. In such a play there naturally had to be a victim husband—a business man, of course—and Mr. Vincent Serrano made him if anything too tense and nervous during the two acts he lasted before the inevitable suicide caused by his wife's pecuniary demands. This lady was a natural result of her origin and environment, explained principally in the person of her father, a broadened drawing of a type not at all unfamiliar in speculative circles. Mr. W. J. Ferguson made him a carefully studied depiction of the operator who is rich to-day, worse than bankrupt to-morrow, but always expecting to be on top and never denying himself or his family anything luxurious he could get, whether for cash or on credit. Another good bit of character acting was the fashionable clergyman of Mr. Edward See, also possessed of the moving spirit in the way of advancing his pastoral labors from downtown up with the move of fashion. The minor characters in the cast had to do with either the society or the business development of the story and were in entirely competent hands.

The principal role is that of *Marion Manners*, born and brought up in an easy-come-easy-go atmosphere and carrying the results of her training into her married life. Upon the death of her Wall Street husband she yields to the only wholesome influence she has ever known, personified by the young but serious-minded family doctor. After a period of the simple life devoted to nursing children, she begins to appreciate the value of real things and concludes her existence happily, it is to be presumed, as a doctor's wife. The moral apparently is that a woman can find a truer happiness by being more interested in the cutting of appendices than in cutting a figure in fashionable life. The part was entrusted to Dorothy Donnelly, whose charming personality and intelligent work are agreeably remembered in her performance of *Candida*. She is an artist whose vitality as yet dominates the more subtle qualities in what she does, but who gives promise of future accomplishment of more than ordinary value. In the present part she is entirely satisfactory, representing a perfectly natural type subjected to no extraordinarily great emotions.

"The Movers" is an entertaining play whose serious purpose does not detract at all from its amusing qualities.

ANOTHER woman dramatist—Grace Livingston Furniss—whose version of "The Man on the Box" provided a pleasant vehicle for Mr. Henry Dixey's fun, is the author of "The Man on the Case," no relation to the other "Man." It is an unusual product to come from a woman's pen, for it is an out-and-out farce, and the sex, which is believed by some to have the sense of humor undeveloped, is not often given to that kind of writing. The labored quality of this example is an argument against the greater prevalence of the practice. Of course, all farce depends more or less upon a violation of the probable, but in the best of farces this is confined to the major motive and the minor incidents become logical after we have once admitted the possibility of the first



MR. FERGUSON IN  
"THE MOVERS"



MISS DONNELLY IN  
"THE MOVERS"

mistake or improbability. In the present piece the fact that a young millionaire who wants to be sure that he is loved for himself alone should change identities with a private detective employed on a job in the heroine's home, is not altogether outside of reason, but the trouble with the farce is that all the minor incidents depend for their fun upon even a greater concession to the unlikely. This makes the plot tie itself up in hard knots which it would take a considerably better type of private detective than James Betterton himself

to unravel. In the cast Mr. Jameson Lee Finney is the millionaire youth and Elsie Leslie, who seems unable, even if there were any reason for it, to live down her early association with *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, are the millionaire youth and the object of his affections, both agreeable, but neither of them monumental in ability. The remainder of the cast is fairly competent but commonplace.

"The Man on the Case" is rather a muddle, but has a laugh-provoking power and some clever lines.

\* \* \*

IT WOULD be hard to imagine a good idea worse gone wrong than is exemplified in "The Other House," a mixture of comedy and homely drama at the Majestic. By a rather clever manipulation the Faust idea of a bargain between a mortal and the Devil is introduced into contemporary life, but the cleverness stops right there. The possibilities suggested are reduced to terms of the most elementary double-meanings and the whole thing is smothered in a plot and environment which might come from the pen of a school-boy dramatist. Mr. Richard Golden struggles bravely but hopelessly with the part of the conventional old inventor, lovable in nature, but, as stage inventors always are, the victim of every one who wants to victimize him.

"The Other House" is very badly built.

\* \* \*

LIFE is reminded that great disasters occur in cycles and that it is about time for a theatre fire with the customary loss of human life. This suggests that the beginning of the season is the proper time to ask the Mayor and the Fire and Police Com-

missioners whether they are doing anything to protect the theatre-goers in New York or are letting those in charge of the theatres practice the violations of the law usual except immediately after some appalling disaster.

\* \* \*

THE initials of one theatre in town in monogram form may be read either G. T. or T. G. The monogram surmounts the "Theatre Full" sign which was displayed one evening recently. A bystander remarked that in view of the merit of the attraction the monogram probably stood for "Thank God."

Metcalfe.



Academy of Music—Eleanor Robson in her new mounting of "Salomy Jane," at reduced prices.

Astor—Mr. Raymond Hitchcock in "The Yankee Tourist," a musical version of "The Gallopers." Funny.

Bijou—Mme. Nazimova in highly laughable but highly flavored, clever and well acted comedy, "Comtesse Coquette."

Casino—"The Lady from Lane's." Clean and amusing American musical comedy.

Criterion—"The Dairymaids." Musical comedy from London. Of the conventional type, except in its vulgarity.

Daly's—Margaret Anglin and Mr. Henry Miller in "The Great Divide," last year's successful American problem play.

Empire—Mr. John Drew and excellent cast in polished performance of "My Wife." Polite comedy from the French.

Garrick—"When Knights Were Bold," with Mr.



THE SHADOW OF A SMILE

Francis Wilson as the star. Farce based on the same idea as "The Road to Yesterday." Mildly amusing. Hackett—"The Movers." See opposite.

Herald Square—Virginia Harned and Mr. John Mason in dramatic version of "Anna Karénina." Interesting emotional play of Russian life.

Hippodrome—Continued popularity of last year's elaborate "Neptune's Daughter" and "Pioneer Days."

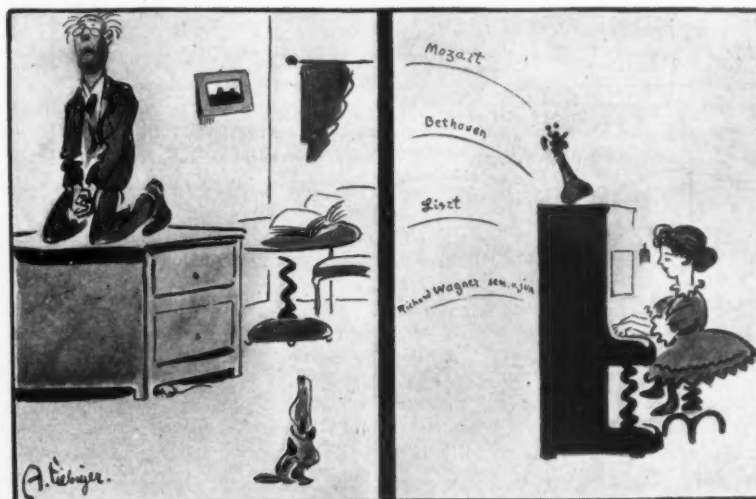
Keith and Proctor's Theatres—Stock companies and vaudeville.

Knickerbocker—Pleasing Fritz Scheff in Herbert and Blossom's tuneful "Mlle. Modiste."

Lyric—Mr. James O'Neill in "Virginius." Notice later.

Madison Square—"The Man on the Case." See above.

Majestic—"The Other House." See opposite. West End—Van Den Berg Opera Company in repertory of light operas.



THE WONDERCHILD





IN LARGE cities the banks maintain a clearing house where, daily, their representatives meet to exchange vouchers and to balance their respective debts and claims. The final settlements are made in cash, usually in sealed packages containing five thousand dollars in bills; and these packages, originally done up by some individual bank, sometimes pass back and forth, from hand to hand, unopened and uncounted for months or years. In the clearing house of ideas the same thing often happens. Some one puts a theory in circulation, neatly bound and sealed with an hypnotic catch-word, and it passes current from editorial to platform, in settlement of private opinion and public debate, unchallenged and at its face value. One of these "clearing house packages" of argument is called "Race Suicide." President Roosevelt did it up. And though many of us have doubted its worth, no one has cut the cords. L. K. Commander, in a book called *The American Idea*, has at last opened the bundle, counted and valued the logical legal tender of its contents, and given us her report as auditor. The book is one of the most interesting of recent publications.

A useful history and discussion of the causes and conditions which have led up to this agitation is to be found in another of the newer books, John R. Commons's *Races and Immigrants in America*. The volume is a good starting point, or radiating headquarters, for a study of the complex subject, as it touches upon most aspects of it and is supplied with an excellent bibliography and with full reference notes.

*John Kendry's Idea*, by Chester Bailey Fernald, is the story of a young San Francisco millionaire who, in his determination to become a philanthropist, gets mixed up with a gang of Chinatown counterfeiters and a love affair on Telegraph Hill. If this were all there was to it the book would be a good foundation for a tank play. But Mr. Fernald has been reading Henry James, and we all know how hard it is to talk to a man with a nervous twitch and not imitate it. The result, like some of Luther Burbank's ex-

periments in cross-fertilization, is interesting chiefly as a curiosity.

Ernest McGaffey, the author of a little volume called *Outdoors*, however great or small may be his familiarity with picture galleries, would, one feels sure, pause with instinctive sympathy before a Corot or a Daubigny. For it is those aspects of the woods and marshlands that they love, that he constantly brings before us in his thirty-two papers and word sketches dealing with shooting, fishing and "poking round" in the open. These articles are of very uneven value, but in some of them lovers of the lonely places will find their own feelings, well expressed; which is something that we all enjoy.

It appears that Kin Hubbard, for some time, and without the rest of the country being let in on it, has been amusing the readers of the *Indianapolis News* with paragraphs of a peculiarly racy cross-roads philosophy. *Abe Martin* is the title of a volume in which these sayings have been collected, and it needs no very intimate acquaintance with rural America to see the humor of them. The book contains short sketches of a number of inhabitants of Brown County, Indiana, and Abe's comments on them and their affairs.

Sidney Royce Lysaght's Irish novel, *Her Majesty's Rebels*, is a book which takes those of us who used to read current fiction in the '80s back to our youth. In plot it parallels the career of Charles Stewart Parnell and epitomizes the struggles of the Nationalist party. It is written by a gentleman of parts, for a leisurely generation, and presupposes in its readers at once a conventional sophistication and a romantic naïveté. It is a nice, big, Newfoundland dog, sort of story; good intentioned and affectionate, yet with a tendency to hydrophobia; by no means without points, but somehow forever getting in its own way.

The "ricollections" of *Aunt Jane of Kentucky*, as transcribed by Eliza Calvert Hall, form a series of stories very simple from the standpoint of fiction, but full of a sentiment genuine enough to be appealing. Aunt Jane herself is the kind of old-fashioned old lady who is delightful if she likes you—and the author takes care that we are in her good graces. J. B. Kerfoot.

*The American Idea*, by L. K. Commander. (A. S. Barnes and Company.)  
*Races and Immigrants in America*, by John R. Commons. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)  
*John Kendry's Idea*, by Chester Bailey Fernald. (The Outing Publishing Company. \$1.50.)  
*Outdoors*, by Ernest McGaffey. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.)  
*Abe Martin*, by Kin Hubbard. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)  
*Her Majesty's Rebels*, by S. R. Lysaght. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)  
*Aunt Jane of Kentucky*, by Eliza Calvert Hall. (Little, Brown and Company. \$1.50.)

### A Letter

#### DEAR LIFE:

How is it possible that you should take a stand against vaccination? Surely such an old wife's prejudice is unworthy of the most liberal and intelligent weekly in America!

In the old days when the virus was taken from infants it was possible that some hereditary taint might be transferred in that way. Possible, but even then very rare.

Now when the virus is taken direct from the cow only and prepared in the most perfect manner which science can devise, it is difficult to see what objection can be raised to something which is such an inestimable boon to mankind!

Would LIFE prefer the state of things which existed in the eighteenth century, when practically everybody got the smallpox? When hundreds and thousands died of it, the most horrible deaths, and when a still larger proportion were maimed, disfigured and blighted for life? Louis XV of France died of the smallpox. Peter III of Russia, William III of England, Maria Theresa of Austria and her son, Joseph II, all had it. Two of Maria Theresa's daughters and two of her daughters-in-law died of it—fearful deaths. No one was safe! And the poor died off from it like flies, whole villages being wiped out at a time. Dear LIFE, read the history and the memoirs of the times before vaccination was introduced and I think that you must change your mind.

If we are to give up vaccination, we should also give up the use of milk, butter and beef. One is as much the gift of God as the others, and we should appreciate and thank Him for them all.

Very sincerely yours, M. M.



PORTRAIT OF OUR ELEVATOR-MAN  
AS MOST OF US SEE HIM



SLIPPING EARTHWARD



#### A WITNESS

The lawyer for the defendant was trying to cross-examine a Swede who had been subpoenaed by the other side as a witness in an accident case.

"Now, Anderson, what do you do?" asked the lawyer.

"Sank you, Aw am not vara well."

"I didn't ask you how is your health, but what do you do?"

"Oh, yas; Aw work."

"We know that, but what kind of work do you do?"

"Puddy hard work: it ees pudgy hard work."

"Yes, but do you drive a team or do you work on a railroad, or do you handle a machine, or do you work in a factory?"

"Oh, yas; Aw work in fact'ry."

"Very good. What kind of a factory?"

"It ees a very big factory."

"Your honor," said the lawyer, addressing the Court, "if this keeps on, I think we'll have to have an interpreter."

Then he turned to the witness:

"Look here, Anderson, what do you do in that factory—what do you make?" he asked.

"Oh, yas; Aw un'erstan'; you want to know vat Aw make 'n fact'ry, eh?"

"Exactly. Now tell us what you make."

"Von dollar an' a half a day."

And the interpreter was called in to earn his salt.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

#### POSTMASTER'S MARITAL RELATIONS

Merritt O. Chance, chief clerk of the Post Office Department, several months ago sent to all the postmasters in the country a list of questions asking for certain information to be used in the preparation of the Government Blue Book, which is published every two years. One of the questions in the list was:

"What are your marital relations?"

The object of this particular question was to find out whether the postmasters are married, single, widowed or divorced. But some of the rural postmasters did not understand. Mr. Chance to-day received several answers in which the persons addressed endeavored to give a clear and lucid explanation of the status of their married life. One postmaster said his domestic affairs were "fine and dandy." Another, not so fortunate, replied, "Fairly middling." A third filled in the blank space with one word: "H—ll."—*New York Sun*.

# AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

#### PREPARATION

"Ah, let me see," said the distinguished arrival, as the tug bearing the representatives of the press was discerned coming down the bay to meet his vessel. "Have I got my interview down pat?"

"It is easy, your Highness," said the private secretary. "You must remember to say three things."

"Ah, yes. One is, 'I am delighted to realize my ambition to see your wonderful country.'"

"And don't forget to say, 'My nation is in perfect accord with yours. I deprecate any hint of war.'"

"Yes, yes. And the third is, 'I consider American women charming.' Bring on your scribes."—*Chicago Journal*



Aunt: WELL, TOMMY, WHAT DID YOU LEARN AT SCHOOL TO-DAY?

Tommy: ABOUT ANTS. THERE ARE TWO KINDS—THE KIND THAT GETS IN THE SUGAR-BOWL, AND THE KIND THAT LIVES WITH THEIR MARRIED SISTERS.

MR. I. W. HELLMAN, president of the Wells-Fargo Nevada National Bank, tells the following story: "This spring I entertained a prominent banker from Tucson, Ariz. I invited him to the Merchants' Association dinner given at the Fairmont Hotel on the 18th of April. My friend listened to the many speeches very attentively and said afterward: 'Mr. Hellman, I noticed that almost every speaker said, "This city, like Phoenix, will rise from her ashes." Now, there is some mistake about that. I have lived in Arizona all my life, and I know for a fact that Phoenix never had a conflagration.'"—*Argonaut*.

#### THE RETORT COURTEOUS

Paul Morton, the president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, was talking on *La Savoisie* about the London cabbie.

"A hansom or a four-wheeler is supposed to be cheap in London," Mr. Morton said; "but let the average American tourist go driving about in one of them day after day, and at the week's end the size of his expenditure will shock him."

"Of course, it is impossible to ride in a London cab and pay only the legal fare of a shilling for two miles. Try cab-riding without liberal tipping, and the cabmen will assail you with the most brilliant and witty sarcasm."

"I know a lawyer who, through ignorance, rode from the British Museum to the Ritz Hotel in Piccadilly, and only gave his driver the shilling required by law."

"The driver looked at this shilling and bit his lip. Then, in the most courteous manner, he motioned to the lawyer to get in again."

"Go on," he said. "Do step in again, sir. I could ha' drew ye a yard or two further for this 'ere.'"—*Washington Star*.

#### ADJECTIVES AS EXCLUSIVE PROPERTY

When Louis Brownlow, now a Washington correspondent, was a reporter on the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, he was sitting at the telephone table in the local room one night, waiting for a call.

The office dictionary is kept on that table. Brownlow was turning the leaves idly when Marse Henry Watterson came along. Marse Henry does not see very well. He made out a figure at the table and said:

"Who's that?"

"Brownlow, Mr. Watterson."

"What are you doing, Brownlow?"

"I'm reading the dictionary."

"Well, skip the adjectives, skip the adjectives, for I'm the only one on this paper who can use them."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

#### NEEDED STRENGTH

"I have seen many fantastic and humorous advertisements in newspapers during my somewhat lengthy career," once said Colonel Henry Watterson, in an address to a convention of journalists, "but quite the most interesting and oddest of these was an ad. that I chanced upon in London. It was printed in the staid old *Times*, and, as I remember it, ran something like this:

"A young gentleman who is on the point of getting married is most desirous of meeting a man of experience who will take the responsibility of dissuading him from this dangerous step."—*Harper's Weekly*.

#### THE POINT OF VIEW

A good story is told of a disconcerting interruption which Mr. Gladstone once experienced when addressing a woman suffrage meeting in Leeds. In the course of his speech he paid a graceful compliment to the eloquence of the ladies who had previously spoken, and further gallantly remarked on the great pleasure which it gives the other sex to listen to women talking. Pausing for a moment after this observation Mr. Gladstone, like his audience, was thrown into an unexpected state of merriment by a male voice, which proceeded from the back of the hall and proclaimed in the broadest Yorkshire dialect: "Eh, lad, thou'st noun wed yet, I see'st."—*Westminster Gazette*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

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# White Rock

"The Champagne of Waters"

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An odd little bundle of wit and wisdom, folly and pathos—always with the shadow of the erratic over the author's brilliant intellect. Some of these epigrams are glorious. All are honest. And serve to strip a human soul bare to thoughtful eyes.—*San Francisco Bulletin*.

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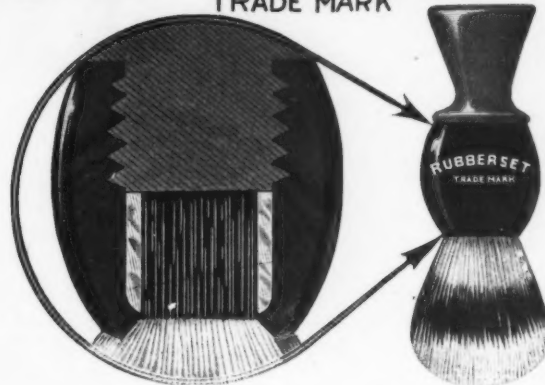
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### LI AND THE TICKER

Whenever a distinguished foreigner comes down to see the sights of Wall Street, they tell him the story of Li Hung Chang and the ticker. The distinguished Oriental came down in state, with much flapping of silken robes. After he had seen the bulls and bears chasing one another on the floor of the Stock Exchange and had taken in all the living exhibits of the big financial game, he was escorted to a broker's office and shown a ticker in action. He stood for a long time watching the white tape issue from the glass case, and he was much impressed by the black marks that showed the record of sales. Finally, some one asked: "How would you like to play the stock market?"

The old Chinaman looked gravely at the curling paper a minute and then said slowly:

"No, thank you. I prefer to go into a game where you can see the dealer."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

**THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY:** The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet.*

**MRS. MURPHY** (who has opened a savings-bank account): An' how long does it take to draw money?

**POSTMASTER:** Well, if ye give three days' notice beforehand, ye can take it out the same day ye put it in!—*The News.*

**LIMMER's** famous restaurant used to have the character of being a rendezvous of viveurs; in fact, it was averred that so many of its habitués suffered from delirium tremens that when some one, who was not of that persuasion, was dining there, and a mouse came on the table and began to nibble a piece of bread, a sympathetic waiter observed to him:

"Don't be afraid, sir; it's a real mouse."—*The Graphic.*

The last word in Bridge Scores—"Rad-Bridge."

### A WELL-INFORMED WOMAN

A woman who is trying to "climb" into Washington society attended a recent reception at the house of Mrs. Taft. The crowd was so great that guests were hurried along the line of the receiving party with merely a handshake with the wife of the Secretary of War. The "climber," with determination written on her face, finally pushed her way up to her hostess and paused long enough to say, "How do you do, Mrs. Taft?" adding, with a very impressive manner, "I've heard of your husband."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

"What then," asked the professor, "is the exact difference between logic and sophistry?"

"Well," replied the bright student, "if you're engaged in a controversy, it's just the difference between your line of argument and the other fellow's."—*Le Rire.*

### Hotel Vendome, Boston

Commonwealth Avenue. No smoke or noise from cars.

A suit for damages to the property of a Georgia man brought against a railway operating in that State was lost in the Superior Court, but the injured party insisted upon carrying it to the Supreme Court, where he represented his own cause. He began his argument in a somewhat whimsical fashion by saying: "May it please the Court, there is an old French adage which declares that 'a man who is his own lawyer hath a fool for a client.'" The next month the Supreme Court pronounced its decision, which was adverse to the Georgian. He was in Atlanta at the time, but received the announcement of his second and final disappointment by a telegram sent him by a prominent judge who was an intimate friend. The telegram read as follows: "Judgment for defendant in error. French adage affirmed by Supreme Court."—*Bellman.*

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### THE COMPARISON

Lesec and Lemaigre, who were both as thin as laths, were discussing a mutual friend.

**LESEC:** I met our friend Durand this morning. He has grown so thin.

"Really! And he was so stout."

"Yes, it is dreadful. He is thinner than both of us put together now."—*Pele Mele.*

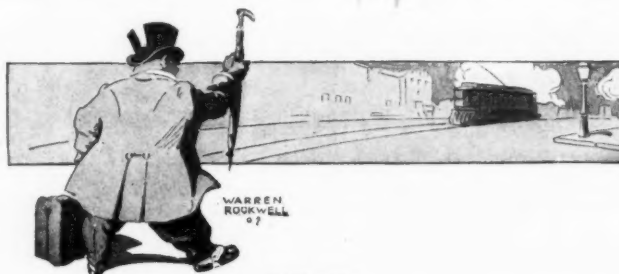
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IF HE WAITS IN A PLACE THAT IS MEET,  
BUT NEVER WAIT FOR AN UP-TOWN CAR  
ON THE DOWN-TOWN SIDE OF THE STREET.



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1905 . . . 45,378 lines  
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The first six months of 1907  
show an increase over the  
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36 per cent.

Life's Automobile Number will be dated  
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### Latest Books

*It*, by Clivette. (M. A. Donohue and Company, Chicago.)

*The British Tyrol*. (The Great Western Railway Company, London.)

*Historic Sites and Scenes of England*. (The Great Western Railway Company, London.)

*Shire of the Sea Kings*. (The Great Western Railway Company, London.)

*Bar 20*, by Clarence E. Mulford. (Outing Publishing Company. \$1.50.)

*Adventures of Uncle Sam's Sailors*, by Commander R. E. Peary and others. (Harper and Brothers. \$0.60.)

*A Stumbling Block*, by Justin Miles Forman. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

*John Kendry's Idea*, by Chester Bailey Fernald. (The Outing Publishing Company. \$1.50.)

*The Island of Dr. Moreau*, by H. G. Wells. (Duffield and Company.)

*The Traitor*, by Thomas Dixon, Jr. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.)

*The Kingdom of Love*, by Henry Frank. (R. F. Fenno and Company. \$1.00.)

*Sinless*, by Maud H. Yardley. (R. F. Fenno and Company. \$1.00.)

*Satan Sanderson*, by Hallie Erminie Rives. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

*The Bogie Man*, by Ruth Crosby Dimmick. (John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia. \$0.75.)

*Empire Builders*, by Francis Lynde. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

*Seville*, by A. F. Calvert. (John Lane Company. \$1.25.)

*Leading American Soldiers*, by R. M. Johnston. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.75.)

*The Counterstroke*, by Ambrose Pratt. (R. F. Fenno and Company, \$1.00.)

### Philanthropy as Seen by Carnegie

**WHENEVER** Andrew Carnegie breaks loose with one of his fulminations against "stock gambling" and the "wolves of Wall Street," the men down there just smile and remind one another that it was Wall Street that made possible the issue and value of that memorable lot of Steel bonds which comprises the backbone of the Carnegie fortune. The ironmaster's real attitude toward philanthropy is revealed in this story:

It appears that a certain Western man who had worked with Mr. Carnegie when he was making his start in this country once came to see him in New York to ask for a contribution to a hospital fund. After they had exchanged greetings Mr. Carnegie said: "Well, what do you want?"

Somewhat hesitatingly the visitor replied: "I should like to get some money for a hospital."

"How much do you want?"

The visitor said: "I am afraid it is a great deal. I should like to get a thousand dollars."

Mr. Carnegie turned impatiently on his heel and snorted:

"That is too little for me to bother with." Then he left the room.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

**CUSTOMER:** Will you give me a copy of "The Art of Being Happy at Home?"

**LIBRARIAN:** I'm afraid it's out, but I have here a little treatise on jiu-jitsu, which makes an excellent substitute for it.—*Pete Mele*.

### Prompt Answers

**JUDGE:** What brought you here?

**PRISONER:** Two policemen.

"Drunk, I suppose?"

"Yes; both of them."—*The Editor*.

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A THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY OF 1908

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HER CHOICE

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With simplest things."—Will Carleton.

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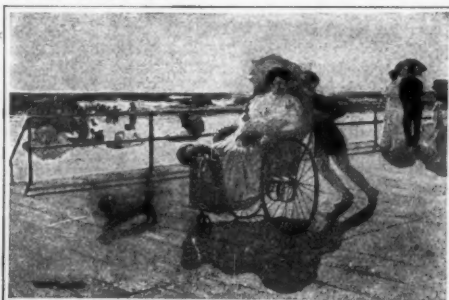


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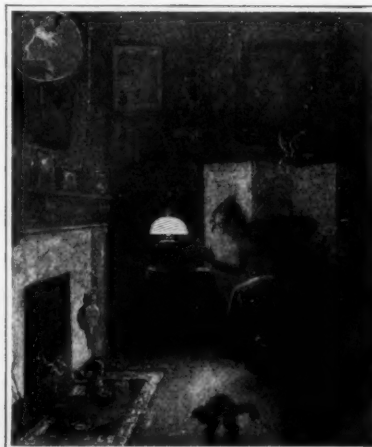


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He's at his best in the October EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. It's all we hoped. But it's no more like "The Virginian" than a hen is like a horoscope.

There's a little tale in the same number; the Editor says it's the story of the year. We'd be glad to hear what you say, if you can pick it out.

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## The Sick Man's New Problem

PIERRE LOTI is better known to Americans than most foreign authors. His "Iceland Fisherman," "Madame Chrysanthème" and "The Marriage of Loti" have been liked by many on this side of the Atlantic, although they contain little of that "action" which the reviewers are fond of talking about. Loti's poetic, impressionistic books are as unlike as possible the favorite types of fiction, but they are none the less good.

To the wandering naval captain, who has found the leisure to write twenty-seven volumes, the favorite field has been Turkey, Constantinople, Stamboul, Ispahan. He comes back to the Turk again in "The Disenchanted"—but with a purpose. His book is a plea for the oppressed, for the married women who are forever shut behind the lattices of the harem. The astonishing thing, as Loti presents their case, is the condition of advanced education and culture of these upper-class Turkish women. They are dressed from Paris, live in French boudoirs, speak the European languages, read Nietzsche and Schopenhauer, as well as Loti and Gyp—and with all this these women may never talk with a man. The pity of it!

The three charming, veiled Mussulmans who confide their troubles to the author are all divorced or widowed; two of them finally commit suicide rather than reenter the married state. The fate of Djeneane especially is a pathetic little tale.

There are apparently two ways out of this woman question for Turkey: less education or more liberty. As Woman rarely forfeits anything she has once had, the former is impossible. So the next problem for the Sick Man of the East is the New Woman. We extend him our deep sympathy.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

POST: That man down in the arbor making love is a divinity student.

PARKER: Yes, I know—but who is the divinity?  
—*The Editor.*

## In a Savings Bank

MANY a bit of humor and pathos is seen through the window of the bank cashier or teller. Mr. John F. Murray relates, in his *World of London*, some examples which he overheard as he stood in one of the city's savings institutions sixty years ago.

First came an Irish hodman, with something like the debris of a hat under his arm, and in his hand five shillings to deposit. He blundered from counter to counter, always in the wrong place, and eternally praying God to "bless their honors," although just why I could not make out.

Next appeared a Welsh milkmaid with six sovereigns, the savings of half a year. Two of the coins were returned to her as "light."

"Master shouldn't have given me light money," she said, as she took back her hard-earned sovereigns, "for sure he always gave me the heaviest work."

An aged man and woman tottered in, supporting each other. Time had bowed their heads, but it had no power over their affection. They brought thirty pounds, the accumulated hoard of years, which they wished to deposit to insure them a decent burial.

"We have lived without the parish, and we hope to die without it," they said.

"In whose name shall I enter it?" said the clerk.

The two looked at each other in bewilderment. They had not thought of this contingency.

"Better put it in his name," said the old woman.

"Put it in her name," responded the old man.

"She can guide it better when I'm gone."

"God forbid I should live to see the day!" cried the wife.

The couple consulted for a few moments. Then turning to the clerk, they announced their decision.

"Couldn't you please put it in both our names?" they said.

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to delight all your senses. It is Scotch Whisky pure and simple, Scotland's pride

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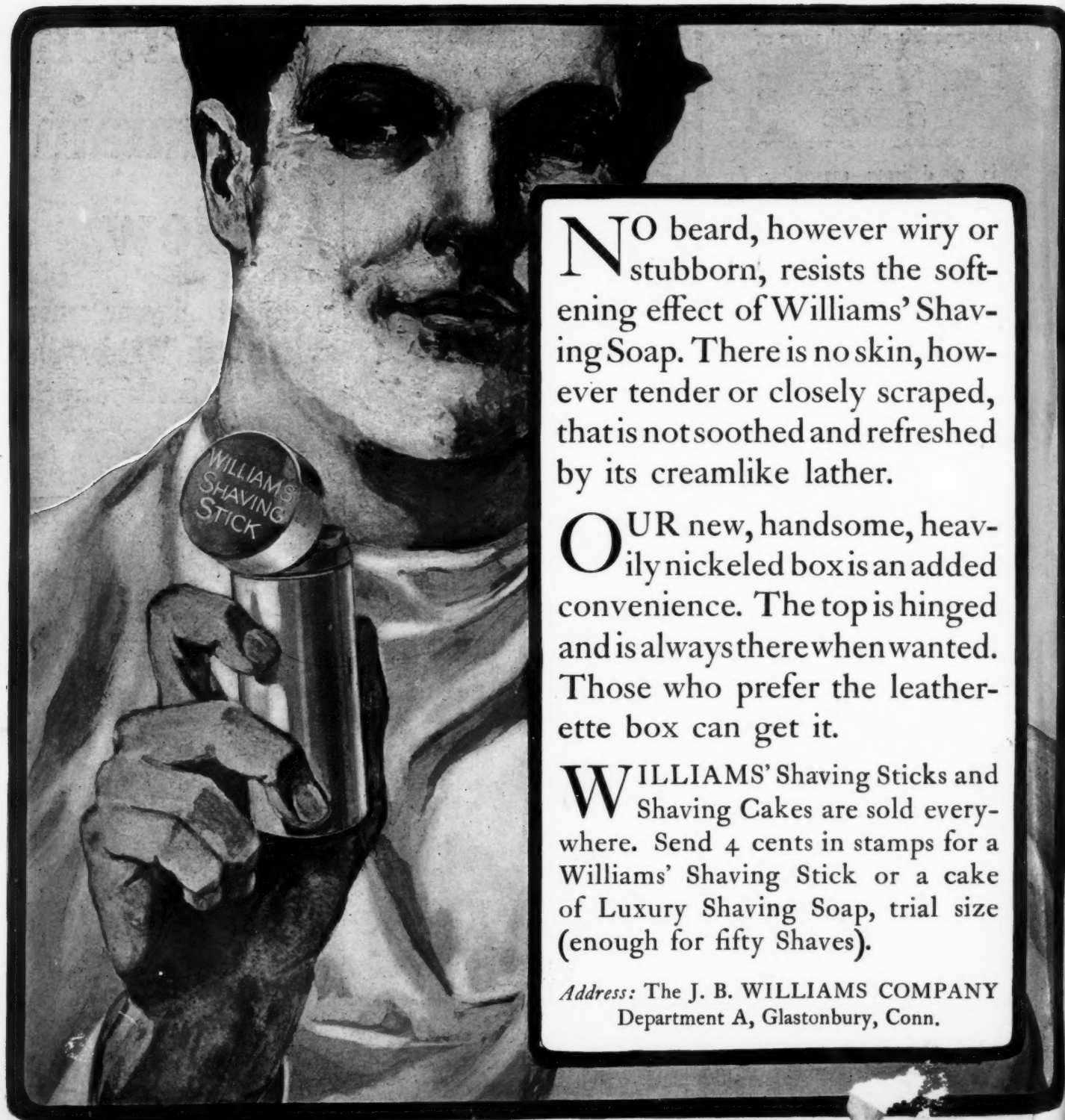
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